

BLOCK'S

Year End Clearance Sale Is Proving A Wonderful Success

Despite the shortened business hours and the cold weather the Year End Clearance Sale at Block's is proving one of the biggest if not the greatest, sale this store has ever held. Women recognize the startling low prices at which we are offering first-class merchandise and are not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity to secure goods at the big discounts offered. This sale will continue through the month of December. Note the prices announced below.

Fall and Winter Suits

100 New Smart Suits of French Serge, Velour, Silvertone, Broadcloth and Poplin at

One Third Off, the Reg. Price

\$35.00 Suits now	\$23.34
\$40.00 Suits now	\$26.67
\$45.00 Suits now	\$30.00
\$60.00 Suits now	\$40.00
\$75.00 Suits now	\$50.00
\$95.00 Suits now	\$63.33

Extra Special

One lot of good warm heavy winter coats for this cold snappy weather, full lengths and all lined, good styles, odd lots all sizes regular values up to \$18.75, all at the one price of **\$7.50**

Girls Coats and Wool Dresses

In sizes 2 to 14 years of age. The coats are in all wool velours, polo cloth, velvets, and plush, plain and fur trimmed, most of them are all heavily lined. The dresses are of all wool serges, in all shades and in all the new fall styles; all going at a straight discount of

20 per cent off.

One lot of children's wool dresses in all sizes, regular values up to \$7.50, sale price **\$4.98**

400 COATS 400

Of every description; coats of every material plain and fur trimmed, such styles, such values have not been known in the history of North Platte, to be offered at these prices this early in the season.

LOT 1—
Coats of all wool velour, polo cloth, metal, lamb and peccot plush, regular values up to \$33.75, Year End Sale Price **\$18.75**

LOT 2—
Coats of velour and genuine silk plush, Egyptian plush coats with fur collars, regular values up to \$40.00, Year End Sale Price **\$24.75**

LOT 3—
Coats of best grade Salt's silk plush, silvertone, and velours, made up to the minute in style, plain and fur trimmed, and lined throughout with guaranteed linings, values up to \$55.00 Year End Sale Price **\$34.75**

LOT 4—
High grade coats of seal plushes and Yukon seal, silvertone and tinseltone, fur trimmed and beautifully lined, regular values up to \$62.50 Year End Sale Price **\$39.75**

All of our highest grade coats up to \$150, reduced from One-Fourth to One-Third Off the regular price.

One lot of all wool serge middles, trimmed with red or white braids and emblem on sleeve, regular values up to \$6.75, sale price **\$4.98**

390 DRESSES 390

In French Serge, Wool Jersey, Tricotine, Tricollette, Satins, Crepe, Meteor and Charmeuse, in a wonderful array of exclusive fall and winter styles and marked down at ridiculously low prices as follows:

LOT 1—
All wool French serge and wool jersey, and some taffeta and satin dresses, regular values up to \$25.00, Year End Sale Price **\$14.98**

LOT 2—
Beautiful French serge embroidered dresses, and classy satin dresses, in all the wanted shades, regular values up to \$35.00, Year End Sale Price **\$19.98**

LOT 3—
Smart tricotine and French serge dresses plain tailored and fancy models, regular values up to \$39.75, Year End Sale Price **\$24.75**

LOT 4—
High class frocks in tricotine and best grade satins, made up to the minute in style and formerly sold up to \$57.75, Year End Sale Price **\$34.75**

LOT 5—
Clever lot of attractive high class tricollette dresses in navy, black, beaver, brown, etc., some are embroidered and some are beaded, regular values up to \$75.00, Year End Sale Price **\$47.75**

One lot of all wool ladies' and misses' sweaters in cardinal, rose and green, values up to \$7.00, Year End Sale Price **\$4.98**

Furs! Furs!

Women dearly love furs, and nothing else will be more useful or appreciated than a nice set of furs, or separate muff or scarf, bought at this sale at a great saving in price. Besides you have the advantage here to choose your furs from the largest and best stock of furs in western Nebraska. Every piece or set, regardless the sale price, is fully guaranteed by us and the manufacturer.

Extra Special

One lot of separate muffs in mellow or ball shape, in black, brown or gray French Coney fur, or Siberian bear skins at **\$4.98**

One lot of all wool skirts and dresses, values up to \$13.50, Year End Sale Price **\$7.75**

Silk Waists

Hundreds of silk waists in heavy silk crepe and georgette, plain tailored or embroidered, or beaded models, in all the wanted shades, all sizes, regular values up to \$11.50, Year End Sale Price **\$5.98** and **\$7.75**

One lot of knitted cap and scarf sets, in all colors, regular values up to \$3.75 per set, sale price per set **98c \$1.48 \$1.98**

Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L. BARE, Editor and Publisher
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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1919.

PICTURE SHOWS HOPE TO RE-OPEN SHORTLY

Yesterday's Omaha Bee said: Omaha theatre and motion picture men anticipate that the terminal committee will receive an early order from the regional fuel director, Chicago, authorizing the rescinding of the order closing the places of amusement.

H. D. Graham, local manager of the Pathe company, yesterday morning received from the New York manager of his company a telegram stating a conference between the National Association of Motion Picture Industry and Dr. Harry A. Garfield, United States fuel administrator, resulted in Dr. Garfield authorizing the reopening of theatres and motion picture houses.

"My information is," said Mr. Graham, "that Dr. Garfield agreed that the theatres should be closed as a necessity in that they conserve the public morale and he also agreed that open theatres affect a real saving of coal and light."

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

A Dixon diamond this Xmas.
Dewey Jensen, of Kearney, visited with friends in town this week.
Shop this Xmas at Dixon's.
Eversharp pencils for Xmas, Dixon, the jeweler.
Mrs. Calloway, of Hershey, spent yesterday in town visiting friends.
Frank M. Johnson, of Cozad, transacted business in town Wednesday.
Mrs. Norman Edwards, of Brady, spent Wednesday with her sister, Mrs. P. R. Elliott.
For Rent—5 room furnished house close in. Bratt, Goodman & Buckley.
Gift parchments framed in elegant gold frames, just the thing for a Xmas gift. Dixon, the jeweler.
Dell Smith, of Council Bluffs, was in town the last of the week looking after business connected with his office as head of the firemen's brotherhood.
See the diamond ring at Dixon's for \$115.00.

Two feet of snow in Oregon, almost zero weather in the south and good skating in the southwest, this week has been an exceptional one in other places than Nebraska.
Our stock of guaranteed American watches is most complete, such as ladies' bracelet watches, and men's and boys'. Clinton, the jeweler.

Up in eastern Wyoming yesterday forenoon it was snowing and the little snowflakes were whirled around by a wind that traveled fifty-two miles an hour. In other words there was a real blizzard in and around Cheyenne.

A sandwich tray for \$6.00 at Dixon's.

Christian Church.

Bible school 9:45.
Praying at eleven.
P. R. STEVENS, Pastor.

Dixon & Son, Slight Specials.

HAS GREAT FAITH IN COCONUT
German Who Has Tried It Declares It to Be the Ideal Food for Sustenance of Man.

One of the strangest characters in the world is Auguste Engelhardt, a young German who lives on the island of Kabakon, in the German New Guinea territory. He exists entirely on the coconut, and sleeps on a bed of sand.

Engelhardt is a singularly handsome man of about thirty-five, possessing great wealth and a charming personality. He is known as the "Apostle of the Coconut," on account of the doctrine he teaches that the coconut is the original food of man, and should continue to be so, as all other foods are responsible for the bad passions in the heart and mind of man.

The "Apostle" claims to have over 500 disciples in America, and now the war is over he intends to leave his island home and come back to the old world and proclaim his teachings. He is also a "sun worshiper," living entirely in the open air, and adopting the simple dress of the natives, consisting merely of a "lava-lava," or loin cloth, and when in full dress, that is, when he receives visitors, this attire is completed by the addition of a wrist watch and a walking stick.

Brusa.

Brusa, into which British troops have entered without opposition, was the capital of Bithynia when Trajan appointed Pliny the Younger to govern the province. It was from Brusa, then Prusa, at the foot of Mt. Olympus, that Pliny wrote the letters to Trajan which are among the most interesting of his voluminous correspondence. It is said that Brusa owes its existence to some scheme of Hannibal's, but of the Roman and Bithynian city hardly any trace remains, though Brusa boasts of very fine old Mohammedan mosques. The city of Asia Minor is situated in lovely country, rich in fruit trees and watered by countless springs, and supports a manufacture of silk which should develop unhindered now that the lethargy of Turkish rulers no longer weighs on the city and its inhabitants.

Lady Bountiful
By JESSIE E. SHERWIN
(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

It was a matter of no small wonderment when, after a mysterious absence from his accustomed haunts, Derby Dan reappeared attired respectably and with money to treat his friends royally.

"Left a legacy?" "Struck a new lay?" "Found a pocketbook?" and like expressions hailed Dan, but he only smiled wisely and, as his money finally gave out, ceased to be an object of comment and interest to all except Baldy Moss, who was his chosen chum in famine and plenty alike, and one day Dan confided his secret to Baldy.

"Tell you, partner," he recited, "I struck a queer snap. A young fellow made a bargain with me at three dollars a day to keep sober, report at his room every evening from seven to nine and answer his questions?"

"About what?" propounded Baldy skeptically.

"Oh, how we fellows of the tomato can and the rope belt live. Human interest information, was the way he put it. I told him all I knew. One day he says: 'I guess we will cancel the engagement, Dan, I must confess to being disappointed in you. It's the pathetic and pitiful, the real struggles and misery of the poor and unfortunate I have been looking for.'"

"Why, whatever was he after?"

"He's a story writer, or tries or hopes to be. He was looking for real experience and characters."

"I see, I see," nodded Baldy musingly. "Say, Dan, if ever we run across him point him out, will you?"

It was about a week after that when Dan suddenly seized Baldy's arm and pointed to a young man crossing the street.

"That's him," he spoke quickly. "Leave the rest to me," directed Baldy, and put off on the trail of Merrill Hoyt with the hall: "Mister, can I have a word with you?"

"Certainly," nodded Merrill.

"I heard you're one of those guys who write for the papers," projected Baldy. "I guess, too, that you want to dig under the surface and get a thriller with lots of pep in it, hey?"

"You seem to have surmised what I'm trying to find," answered Merrill with a whimsical smile.

"Well, I ain't much up in littoor, but I suppose you are after heroes and sheros. I know one good and beautiful as an angel. She came to the tenement where I used to live before my wife died and I went to pieces, and started in to help the sick and needy. Say, that girl has worked all day in the factory and uses every cent she can spare for others. They call her Lady Bountiful, but her real name is Alice Lisle. Last week she pawned her neck chain to buy a baby buggy for a little crippled child and pay the rent for a sick washerwoman. Say, I believe there's a mystery about her, too, and that's what you want in stories, don't you? She isn't no common clay, that's sure, and her pretty face and ways in a movie picture would make a whole play of itself."

Baldy furnished further details and Merrill bestowed a five-dollar bill upon him, but Baldy's final words were: "I say, mister, if Lady Bountiful turns out to be a princess in disguise and your story about her makes you famous, you'll blow me to an extra ten, eh?"

One week later Merrill Hoyt became a room tenant of an old woman on the same floor where Miss Lisle was located. The first sight he had of the young lady carried out the claim of Baldy that she was indeed "good and beautiful as an angel." A week spent in close proximity to herself and her humble neighbors proved a revelation to Merrill. There was not a woman or child in the old tenement that had not some story of kindness to disclose. Then Merrill was introduced to Miss Lisle by his landlady. Day by day he learned more and more to estimate her royal worth and night after night he wrote upon "his great book," which her loveliness and helpfulness inspired.

Merrill fell ill and never knew who had aided in nursing him until he was back to normal. It was his landlady who told him of the visits of Miss Lisle to assist her in caring for the delirious patient.

"And oh," she said, "how you raved, and all about her, and how you were going to write her in a lovely story. And she blushed so beautifully when in your fever you began to talk about love, and how she should be your own when you sold your book and— and here she comes now."

And, flushing from self-consciousness, Alice Lisle entered the room. It was the beginning of a pleasant association mutually cherished, and a few weeks later, well and strong again, Merrill told his love and all the story of his object in coming to the tenement.

"We will have to wait till my book brings in returns," he told the reciprocally happy girl, who smiled strangely and added a bewildering confidence.

She was the owner of the tenement and had a fortune of her own, and had assumed the role of a poor girl to get closer to the lives of the needy and lowly.

"We must share what I have to gether, dear," she whispered to Merrill, "for oh! the good we may do for these poor people whom we have taken into our lives."

A Gladsome Day
By GEORGE ELMER COBB
(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

"Whatever are you doing, Ezra?"

The call came from downstairs, and Ezra Boyden guiltily snatched up something from the little leather-covered box upon the bureau in which his wife kept odds and ends.

He had been fumbling over its contents in a hurried, suspicious way so long that Martha had challenged his unusual tardiness in reaching the breakfast table.

"Looking for something I couldn't locate right away," he explained.

"One of those troublesome collar buttons, I suppose," surmised Mrs. Boyden in her mild pleasant way, and the incident passed and Ezra was relieved, and as he got free of the house later felt in his pocket and produced a worn gold ring with an empty setting. It had held a small diamond thirty years back when he had given it to Martha. She had never taken it off her finger through twenty-nine years of wedded life until the little sparkling stone was missed one day. She had grieved over the loss, but the most persistent search failed to disclose any trace of the diamond.

"Poor thing!" soliloquized Ezra. She took it to heart terribly, although she said little. Martha always looked upon a diamond ring as a sort of certificate of respectability. Then, too, she knew it meant a lot of scraping and saving to get it in the old days.

These days had not been any better as to worldly gain for the faithful plodding pair. Many a time Ezra had thought of trying to replace the lost diamond, but could never quite spare the necessary amount. Now, however, he hummed a cheery little snatch of a song and smiled to himself.

"Martha hasn't mentioned it," he soliloquized, "because she is afraid that I can't do much for her, but this is our thirty-fifth wedding anniversary. Well, I'm glad I can provide a little surprise for her. With our two married girls living three states away and Randal tossing on some distant ocean, or wandering in Asia, or worse, Martha wants something to break the monotony. I'm going to squeeze out enough to fix up that ring if it does make me hard up for a year to come. I wish I could make it a piano, too. How Martha longs for one, and the other night just set me all stirred up."

Upon that "other night" at a neighbor's for perhaps the first time in twenty years Martha had been induced to touch the ivory keys. She was all a tremble as she quivered over a faint, frightened rendition of "Love's Old Sweet Dream." How the longing notes revived the past with Ezra! What a delicious flush crossed the gentle refined face of Martha! As he thought of the old cheery parlor organ at home with its wheezy bellows and broken keys he almost cried.

Ezra dropped into the village jewelry store. Its proprietor was seated at a table in the rear room upon which a stranger, suggesting a traveling salesman, was exhibiting some stores spread out upon a sheet of delicate white tissue paper. Mr. Drake came out promptly behind the showcase.

"I want you to fix up this ring with a moderate-priced diamond," spoke Ezra and went over its history. Then, the flood gates of feeling wide open, he despatched tenderly upon Martha and her piano playing. "What will a stone cost me," he questioned. "I'll pay a little down and the balance along."

"Hold on—don't you know me?"

The stranger, rubbing his coat sleeve across his eyes, came forward. He confronted Ezra, who gave a great gulp and fairly lurched into the arms of the other.

"Randal!" he cried. "Oh! what will mother say! My boy! my boy! Back home and safe, and on such a day—our thirty-fifth wedding anniversary."

"Yes, father, it's me, and I've got half a hundred diamonds for you to pick from. I was just trying to sell some. First, though, we'll select the very finest one for mother. They represent my luck in the Transvaal district. And about a piano, now fix things up right!"

Just before noon a messenger brought Mrs. Boyden a small package. It contained the old ring adorned with a dazzling glowing diamond.

Her breath nearly left her. "From your loving husband," read an accompanying note. "Will bring a friend home to supper with me," and Martha sat down and cried.

Later there arrived a piano, and as Martha opened it a card lying on the keyboard read: "All yours—from a friend."

Just at dusk Ezra and Randal neared home. Through the lighted parlor window they could note wife and mother seated at the piano, a picture of mature grace and beauty.

Her face was radiant. To the sweet notes of "Love's Old Sweet Dream" the diamond glow shot hither and thither. She came to the door as Randal knocked. The ringing, gladsome cry of a woman glorified rang out as she clasped the stranger who had come to dinner in her loving arms.

Learned to Be Pack Horses.
Her Soldier Husband—One of the first things I learned in the army was how to carry a 70-pound pack on a 20-mile hike.

Mrs. Subbs—How lovely! Now I must insist on your going shopping with me this afternoon.